Tongue of God

Figment of Babylon

Midwife / Hunter

Ossuary of Lune
It's hollow where
the knife kissed.
Throat-split
wound smile
whistling with
each breath,
drooling happy.
You leave her there.
Bloomed flesh
collecting moonlight.

Under cloud-mirrored hazy light
you're being drawn.
Night billowing harsh against iris.
your lovers hang trembling above you-
Silhouette stark cut outs.
Their tongue-flesh longing tethers droop from slit throats.
Wave like sea-grass through your hair.
Their rotted soprano dissonance urging you ever forwards
A cold tactile surge-shiver enveloping your spine.
He's splayed.
a burst tire-tread angel before you.
You watch your lovers at their work.
Feel their rapture,
effervescent mercury pleasure rushing through you.
Their keening harmonizing with gurgling moans.
Hollow sings the throat of god inside you.
You were a child
in an eternity of dunes and marrow capped waves.
Above your mothers beach the sky was a bleached carcass,
spilling its entrails into the sea.
Through the doorway they watched you.
Your lovers, the throats of god.
They beckoned and you found yourself embraced.
A different sky across the threshold. 
black stars track-mark scattered across 
mottled grey firmament. 
Blooming corpses pinned to the sky-
bone-timbered teeming they constructed God.
Rustle shimmer her breath:
Wound prays kneeling in a ditch filled with rainbow scaled trout.
An overturned cart. An arrow through the drivers throat. Good hunting.
She's left cities behind her since. Her stomach is full.
Her heart sings to god.
Indigo clay beneath boots, the wind breathe
crystal through frost lacquered firs.
She haunts their trail across the taigas flesh.
Great marbled striations pulse glowing through the soil.
Each dawn a new carrion altar.

Her raiments chime with her stride.
Bell dusted furs, trophies, feathers.
A string of soft gold teeth, jagged serrations
catching her skin.
Arterial cascade burned sigils through snow. Miles of harsh desperate clarity, ragged lungs. An arrow had appeared in her shoulder, followed by its flock. She flashes beneath firs. Her name is Wound.
Outcrop grips sky above tundra, you watch her approach: feet clearing snow from red dirt, she leaves a great wound jagged behind her. Above you float your lovers, umbilicals trailing iridescent in the ash grey dusk. Your ears fill with song.
The lovers tongues writhing inside you, they sing her coursing through your mind.
Sparrows she trapped scrabbling against the walls of her lungs, for nothing more than to taste their death.
They tell you what she has left behind her. They tell you about your mother.
Prayer ossified sopranos rub serrated. 
An arrow through a thousand throats. 
Wound. Cracked opalescent armor. 
Cluster of reeds, half tone jagged bells. 
A house on gnarled stick legs dissolves against the sun. 
A bullet pierces blessed a crustacean womb. 
Hands clasped in prayer.
You are a shard of anger resplendent.
Your tributaries filled
with ice suffocated cormorants.
It pulses up through tethers dripping hate.
You send them hunting across the snow.
A Wound closes
Gravity fulfilled.
your lovers
resplendent in feast.